

Anna Succumbs to Neighbor's Cock

byeveryonesavoyeur©

I was staring at her now, watching as she peeled down her shorts, slowly exposing her gorgeous ass. Her naughty bits were concealed by a conservative bikini. Her shirt was already in the pile of clothes at her side, and her big tits were being held snugly by her elastic top. I was lounging at her side in my patio chair, sipping on a margarita by our pool.

My wife, Anna, is a beautiful specimen of a woman. She has dark flowing hair, grayish-green eyes, and a soft feminine face. Her body is curvy, like a classic pin-up girl from the 50's. She has large natural breasts, a trim tummy, and a plump ass that I lust over daily. The sight of her gorgeous tits and ass bouncing around our home never fails to excite me.

Despite the fact that she is brimming with physical sexuality, my wife is rather shy by nature. Anna's reserved disposition is a product of her development. She didn't really come into her own, physically, until college. She has told me many stories about her ugly duckling years, which seemingly lasted through most of middle and high school. Looking at her now, however, it would seem impossible that she ever suffered through such a phase. Anna's a bonafide sexpot, and earns lust-filled stares nearly everywhere she goes. It's actually grown to frustrate me. I'm married to such a beautiful woman, yet she refuses to acknowledge just how attractive she actually is.

My name is Timothy Wilson. Anna and I are both in our early twenties. I work in finance for a trading company downtown and Anna teaches at a local elementary school. We met during our senior year of University, and quickly fell in love. Our wedding ceremony actually took place only a few short weeks after our graduation. Things were tough going at first but luckily we had recently purchased our first home in an up and coming neighborhood just outside of Denver. The house itself was small, but it was newly constructed, and even though the other houses in the neighborhood shared similar cookie cutter layouts, we were still proud of it.

A splash of water quickly brought me out of my daze, as Anna dove into the pool. She gracefully swam under the surface for a time, eventually arising at the other end.

I stood, placing my margarita on the table. I quickly removed my shirt.

I'm of rather average build, standing at 5'-9" in height, and around 170 pounds in weight. I'm not especially muscular, but i'm not exactly a twig either. I hopped into the water with less grace than my wife, causing a splash and a subsequent giggle from Anna. We embraced, kissing each other as our wet faces gently collided in affection.

"I don't want to work tomorrow." she pouted. Her pretty lips looked tantalizing covered in the delicate droplets of water.

Our Sunday had been lovely so far, but the afternoon was quickly coming to a close.

I kissed her again, "Me neither babe."

"Lets both call in, take a day to ourselves."

I smirked in bemusement, "You know I can't tomorrow..."

Before Anna had a chance to argue a voice shouted out from across the yard.

"Oh, hey there folks!"

It was Bob Stevens, our neighbor. He's an older gentleman, about 50 years of age. He's also rather large, looming at around 6'-3" and carrying a thick frame. He was probably close to 230 pounds, not all muscle, but definitely in good shape for a man of his age. He was friendly, seemingly harmless, and ten years widowed. His wife had died from a rare illness, which was - in our short time knowing him - something that was clearly hard for him to talk about. He lived alone in the house next door, and we had struck up a good neighborly friendship with him since we had moved in.

Whereas every other house in the neighborhood was separated by a physical fence - for some reason our homes were separated only by a distinct change in the cut of the grass. Bob had retired early, apparently with more than enough money to do so. He was seemingly always working on his home, and his lawn condition was impeccable. The transition from our yard to his was a testament to that.

"Hey Bob, how goes it?" I replied. Anna slunk below the water instinctively, thinking that she was more scantily clad than she actually was.

He strolled over smiling, shears in hand, wiping sweat from his brow. His large frame interrupted the light of the afternoon sun.

"Oh you know Tim, just tending to this never ending mess of a yard." he paused, looking down at Anna and me. "You two sure do enjoy that pool, last couple that lived here never used it. Seems every time I look over you guys are taking a dip."

He wasn't wrong, we did enjoy ourselves some time in the water. "Just getting our moneys worth." I replied, smiling. "Fancy a margarita? We appear to have made way too much."

He shook his head, "I'd hate to intrude, already rudely interrupted by walking over here."

"Nonsense." I insisted "Anna babe, fetch him one if you would." I patted her ass underneath the water.

She smiled, slightly blushing, "Of course."

Anna slowly walked up the stairs and out of the pool, water cascaded off her large breasts as she strode. Her bikini was a conservative one, but it was still hot pink, and still a two piece bathing suit. Bob obviously hadn't seen that much of my wife's body until that moment, and I couldn't help but feel a strange pang of pride over showing her off to our older neighbor.

Bob was polite, but it was also clear he liked what he saw. He hadn't been shy about giving Anna a stare down or two since we moved in, again, nearly every man who comes into contact with her does. He deftly looked her up and down as she handed off the drink to him. "There you are." she offered, sweetly.

"Thank you miss." Bob tried to avoid gawking as he graciously accepted the drink.

Anna rejoined me in the pool and Bob managed a seat on one of the deck chairs. We drank and conversed for a while longer, but Bob eventually said his goodbyes, and we soon tidied up and headed inside for the day.

Later that evening Anna and I were making love. I was thrusting into her doggy style, watching as her juicy ass engulfed the sight of my six inches. She was moaning softly as she took me. My mind wandered back to the afternoon, and I chuckled internally, wondering what Bob would think if he could see her now.

That same thought caused a brief moment of panic, as I looked to my right in a hurry. I wanted to make sure our bedroom curtain was closed. Our one hiccup in purchasing the home was the expansive master bedroom window, which looked out into a small side yard and then into... Bobs master bedroom window. The homes were mirrored, and essentially on top of each other. It seemed like odd design, and in a few short weeks we had already exchanged a handful of awkward waves with Bob - who was seemingly unconcerned with his own privacy. The proximity was a problem even beyond the visibility. I was certain that if Anna moaned too loudly he would easily be able to hear her.

I shook the thought from my mind and continued to plow my wife. My orgasm caught me by surprise, and I erupted, spurting my load into her welcoming pussy. Anna gently whined as I came inside of her. I could quite often bring her to an orgasm during sex, but unfortunately, I didn't have it in me on this night.

After our shower we laid in bed together prepping for slumber. The memory from the afternoon popped into my mind again and in a restless moment I blurted, "Did you notice Bob checking you out today?"

Anna sighed, "You always think people are checking me out."

I laughed, "That's because they are. Especially our neighbor over there."

I saw her blush, "I guess... a little."

I continued, "The poor guy probably doesn't get much action. I guess I can't blame him for staring."

Anna slapped me playfully on the shoulder. "Pervert." she said, jokingly.

A few weeks went by and nothing more was said of Bobs leering. We had run into him a handful of times and each time he was friendly and welcoming. He even offered to help me pave our driveway coming up, which I accepted.

Things took a strange and erotic turn when Bob accidentally caught a glimpse of Anna, in a compromising position.

My wife has incredible tits. They are Double Ds, natural, bouncy, and without an inch of sag. They belong on a porn star, or an exotic beauty - not a housewife.

I was eating breakfast one weekday morning when suddenly she came running down the stairs, shrieking. She was red faced and angry. "Tim! Why did you leave the curtains open!?! The towels are in the dryer and I walked out of the bathroom naked!"

I wasn't immediately sure as to why she was so furious, "Okay... and...?"

"Bob was right there! He was staring right at me!"

I nearly choked on my toast, coughing out a reply "Oh shit. I opened them to check the weather, I'm picking up that client from the airport today. I'm sorry babe."

She was unconvinced, still yelling, "Well I hope your happy! Our neighbor just got a good look at your naked wife!"

I couldn't help it, and laughed. It was harmless Bob, and part of me was enthused by my wife accidentally teasing the old man with her goods. "What's the big deal? I'm sure you made his day, hell, you probably made his year! Bob's harmless!"

She looked appalled, "I'm so happy this isn't a big deal to you! You're unbelievable!" She stormed off, back upstairs.

As I was leaving for work I ran into a red faced Bob, standing by my car.

He was stuttering, "H-Hey Tim. Look, I'm really sorry, I just glanced over and... I heard her scream, and..."

I stopped him, chuckling in resignation "Bob, look - it was an accident. It's no big deal."

He breathed a noticeable sigh of relief, probably having no idea how I would react to the situation. I continued, "Nothing you haven't seen before." and I gave him a pat on the back.

He chuckled, scratching the back of his head in embarrassment. "Jeez Tim, thanks... I hope you don't mind me saying, but you're a very lucky man." he blushed as he spoke, perhaps thinking that he was digging a deeper hole for himself.

The comment caught me by surprise, but also inexplicably, it excited me. There was something arousing about hearing him come out and admit to finding her attractive, especially after just seeing her naked. I mean, it was one thing to suspect it, it was an entirely different thing to hear it.

I replied, with a smirk, "Thanks. I know."

If it was anyone else, the comment might have angered me. But for some reason, coming out of Bobs mouth, I took it in stride.

I beat Anna home from work that night, and prepared a surprise dinner for her as a sort of make shift apology. I wasn't really sorry, I was more amused, and if anything - strangely proud.

She walked in the front door looking tired, but as beautiful as ever. At first she avoided talking to me, but her wall eventually came down.

"Sorry I yelled so much earlier, I know it was an accident." she admitted, " - I just felt... naked."

I chuckled, "Well... you were."

We ate in silence for a minute, and I told her, "I saw Bob as I left for work this morning."

She immediately blushed, "Oh God. I don't know how I'll be able to look at him again."

"It's not a big deal babe, c'mon." I tried to downplay the entire thing. I paused, continuing. "He actually told me that I'm a very lucky man." I glanced up at her as I said it, curious to her reaction.

She gasped, "He didn't!"

I nodded, "He did. He said you have an unbelievably beautiful body, and that you should be very proud of it." I added the last part. It was a white lie, but it was also completely true, even if he didn't say it exactly that way.

"What did you say!?" she nearly screamed the question at me.

I smiled, "I told him I know, I am a very lucky man."

She blushed, but this time it wasn't purely of embarrassment. There was a look on her face. It was the first time in years that she had heard another man openly compliment her naked body, a man other than me. There was a hint of excitement present in her shade of red.

Minutes later we were naked in our bed, fucking like animals. Her pussy was as wet as I had felt it in a long time, and I was rock solid. I couldn't help but probe the reasoning, I clutched her massive tits as she rode me cowgirl, inciting her with my questioning. "Damn baby, you're wet as fuck."

She moaned, arching her head back and grabbing my shoulders.

I couldn't help myself, and teased her, "Maybe we should let Bob get a look at your tits everyday."

She slapped my chest, "Stop it." Her tone was serious, but she didn't mean it, her teeth grit and she moaned through her words.

"What? I'm sure he'd love to get another look at these gorgeous things." I squeezed them again, pinching her nipples, a sensation that she loved.

She moaned loudly, grinding into me. Her pussy gushed, as she clamped down on my dick, cumming.

Her groan was loud enough to wake the neighborhood, and it caused my own orgasm to burst, as I came inside of her. Moments later we both slowly drifted off to sleep, without another mention of it.

A few days had passed and the weekend approached. I woke up late on Saturday and was groggily pouring myself some cereal when I looked out the window. To my surprise I saw Anna and Bob conversing. My wife looked to be planting some herbs in our garden, and Bob looked to be assisting her. She was dressed conservatively, but something stirred inside me at the sight of them interacting. Bob had seen her stark naked just days earlier, and here they were casually discussing botany.

Anna eventually came inside, a light sheen of morning sweat glistened on her skin.

I wasted no time, "I thought you were never gonna be able to speak to him again." I offered, with complete sarcasm.

She blushed.

I prodded, "Well? Was it awkward?"

"Yes! At first." She seemed nervous to be discussing it.

"What did he say?"

She fidgeted as she spoke, her blush not leaving her face, "Nothing, I don't know. He just came over and offered me help with the plants..."

She went to the cabinet for a glass and some water. Clearly feeling awkward. She continued.

"He apologized, but I told him it was my fault." She blushed deeper. "He jokingly told me if he could wake up to that every morning he'd finally be able to quit drinking coffee."

I couldn't help but laugh. "See! Nothing to worry about. What did you say to that?"

"N-Nothing, I guess I just laughed I think, I don't know. That was the end of the conversation."

We sat in silence for a moment, and she continued, "You know, I'm surprised you aren't more jealous about this."

I sighed, "Babe, it's Bob. Hes not an asshole, he doesn't have an agenda. He's our harmless older neighbor." I teased her more, "And it's not my fault you decided to flash him."

She called me on my bluff, "You know what I think!... I think you enjoy this. I think you like that I flashed him!"

I was caught off guard, but only for a moment, "I get a kick out of seeing you riled up, is all." I thought hard on my next comment, but said it regardless, "You know what I think? I think a part of you enjoyed teasing him."

"Tim!"

"Oh stop it Anna, it's not a big deal. I've been telling you for years to show off more of your body, you're a beautiful woman. I'm kind of glad you finally got caught."

"You're unbelievable! I can't believe I married such a perv."

I laughed, grabbing her by the waist and pulling her into my lap. "Stop being dramatic, and give me a kiss." She reciprocated, and I couldn't help but notice that she didn't deny it.

Another week went by without event, and we soon found ourselves enjoying another lazy Sunday. Anna and I had gone out with some friends for an early brunch, and we each enjoyed one too many mimosas.

We were back at home, frisky, rather tipsy, and pawing at each other on our couch.

Anna whined, "I want to go in the pool."

"So let's go in the pool." I replied.

She giggled and skipped upstairs to change, returning in her pink bikini.

"Not so fast." I spoke, the alcohol getting the best of me, continuing. "You never wear the bikini I got you on our Cabo trip, that thing was expensive and it gets no use."

Her face flashed red, but she said nothing. We regarded each other for a moment, and she slowly turned and went upstairs.

She came back down, nervous. Her beautiful tits were barely concealed by an incredibly thin black fabric, she spun around and her ass completely engulfed the G string. It almost looked like she was wearing nothing at all. It was perfect.

She clearly wasn't in agreement. "I can't go out in this."

"Yes you can, its a bikini, they are made specifically for people to wear, outside."

If she hadn't already had a few drinks, she probably never would have agreed. But I looked on as she opened the sliding glass door to head outside. She scurried across the deck and jumped in the pool in a hurry.

I went upstairs to quickly change, and when I arrived on our patio I noticed that Bob had made yet another appearance, and was already conversing with Anna. The refraction of the water obviously did a decent job of concealing just how much of her skin was on display, but at the same time, it was pretty clear she wasn't wearing much. There was a distinct look of regret on her face.

Bob greeted me as I walked over, "Hey there Tim. I was asking Anna if she wanted one of my famous Moscow Mules. She mentioned that you guys had broken the alcohol seal a bit early this morning."

I chuckled, nodding in agreement, "You know Bob. I don't want you to get the wrong impression. We aren't really heavy drinkers, but for whatever reason lately, on Sundays - we go nuts."

He laughed, "Sunday fun days is what you kids call it, right? I hear my niece say that all the time."

"Yeah, I guess so." I smiled, throwing caution to the wind. "I suppose I'll take you up on that offer. Anna?"

She shrugged her shoulders, smiling. "Sunday fun day." she said in agreement.

"Great." Bob seemed enthused that he was going to be able to share it with us, "Just need a little help in the kitchen carrying the liquor. Do you mind, Tim?"

Not sure what made me decide to throw this curve ball into the mix, but I did. "Shit. You know, I just

remembered I had to send a client a quick document. Babe, why don't you help Bob out, I'll be right back."

I avoided looking directly at Anna, but I could see her death stare out of the corner of my eye. Without another word, I walked back inside. I quickly found my cell phone and pretended like I was typing away, walking toward the window for a view. I was smiling like an idiot in anticipation.

The window was ajar and it was easy to hear outside on the patio. I watched as Anna nervously walked out of the water, her beautiful ass on full display. The nipples on her big titties nearly edging around the fabric of her top as they bounced. Bob's eyes darted wide when he got a clear look at what she was wearing, but he recovered with poise. "Well... That sure is a beautiful suit." I heard him say.

Anna blushed, stuttering in reply. I watched as she quickly dried herself with a deck towel. "T-Thanks Bob. Tim made me wear it."

They began walking across the yard towards Bobs sliding door. "Well, he certainly has good taste.", I saw him smirk after the comment.

I looked on with strange excitement, watching as my wife's ass bounced back and forth, seemingly nude - as she disappeared into our neighbors house.

I got a view out of our kitchen window and into his. Anna was moving around the room, helping Bob pick up glasses and mix the vodka. She looked divine. I could no longer hear what was being said, but Anna and Bob began to laugh. I couldn't believe what I was seeing, my half naked wife was casually strolling around our neighbors kitchen. It was such an exciting sight, and it surprised me to realize just how much I enjoyed witnessing it.

Before long they exited his house, and were both walking back across the yard. I tossed my phone into the couch and rejoined them on the patio.

"Sorry about that." I spoke to both of them, but really - the apology was meant for Anna. She glared at me with fury, but I noticed that she suddenly seemed more comfortable in her suit. She no longer appeared to be in a rush to cover herself.

"No worries Tim." Bob said, placing the pitcher down on one of our tables, "Never gonna hear me complain about a beautiful woman in a bikini helping me out."

Anna blushed deeply, and I chuckled, "I guess that does make sense." I offered. I was ecstatic to hear Bob compliment her openly, but apparently his remark was Anna's queue to escape back into the pool water.

I decided to press, "Can you believe I had to talk her into wearing it?"

He replied, "You know, she told me, but I'm glad you did. Now everyone's a winner."

Anna's eyes were widened by the conversation, her blush was crimson, and I guess she felt the need to speak up, "Hello! I'm right here gentlemen! You're embarrassing me!"

Bob replied, chuckling, and handing me a glass of his drink, "You got absolutely nothing to be

embarrassed about Anna, and I'm sure Tim agrees." Bob gave me a knowing smile.

I nodded as I took a deep sip, the alcohol from the morning clearly having a carefree effect on the vibe in our backyard. "Damn, this is good." I added.

"Thank you sir, been making it for years." I watched as he walked over to waters edge and offered a glass to my wife. Anna took a quick sip and also complimented the taste, "Wow. It really is good."

Bob nodded, pouring himself his own glass. "Careful with those, they're tasty, but they pack a punch."

The three of us settled into the patio, easing into a state of alcohol induced relaxation. I eventually joined my wife in the pool while Bob sat at waters edge. The conversation ranged from business to sports to entertainment, the cocktails kept flowing, and suddenly the three of us were all somewhat drunk.

Anna had seemingly now adopted the revealing suit like it was her second skin, entering and exiting the water without a care of Bobs lingering eye. As his state became more intoxicated his stares became more obvious. He definitely loved what he saw.

Anna had returned from the house with a tray of cheese and crackers, something to munch on. I watched as her glistening body bounced over to me, leaning down I stared directly at her massive tits. I couldn't help it, and a compliment escaped my lips, "Goddamn babe. Look at those things."

"Tim! We have company!" Anna scolded me, smiling with an embarrassed look on her face. She turned to walk over to Bob.

Bob had heard what I said, and had seen what I said it about. He stared right at her tits as she offered the plate to him. He spoke, "I have to agree with Tim. That top is all but a formality at this point." He blushed after the words escaped his mouth, realizing the comment may have been inappropriate.

Anna reacted, "Okay, that's it! Everyone's officially had too much to drink!"

Bob and I broke into a unified laughter, and Anna rejoined me in the water. We all lingered in silence for a moment, until Anna decided to suddenly give Bob a hard time.

"Why haven't you joined us in the pool, Bob, you afraid of the water?"

Bob replied chewing, mouth half full of cheese and crackers, "No suit, to be honest. Actually cant ever remember owning a bathing suit."

I sneaked up behind Anna, grabbing her waist. A couple hours had gone by and I was growing intoxicated by her exposed body. I wanted her, and I didn't care. I was also, drunkenly, absurdly, wanting her to give Bob another show. I whispered into her ear from behind. "It would really turn me on if you ditched your top."

She turned, facing me. "Tim, Bobs right there. Stop it." I could tell there was some excitement in her eyes, to go along with her intoxication.

I pressed her, "C'mon babe. Toss it, and then I'll kick him outta here so we can have some fun."

Anna looked right at me with sex in her eyes, whispering, "Fine, but don't get mad at me if you regret this."

I looked on, frozen, as she slumped under the water. She slowly untied her top, and suddenly her thin black bikini was floating in the water.

My dick stirred at the sight of it, and just when I thought she was done, I saw her playing around even deeper in the water. Suddenly another bunch of black fabric broached the waters surface. My wife had removed her G string!

I immediately went erect at the sight of it, and Anna stared at me with a teasing look in her eye. She grabbed her newly removed suit, balling it up in her palm. Inexplicably, she tossed it at Bob.

"Found a suit for you!" she teased.

I couldn't believe it!

The wet fabric hit him dead in the chest, startling him for a moment.

Bobs face immediately revealed the knowledge that my wife was now naked. He grabbed the suit, bunching it into his pocket, jokingly. "Souvenir!", he shouted.

The guy was quick with the wit, I had to give him that much. Anna and I both laughed, but there was now an air of eroticism that permeated the patio.

Bob quickly grabbed his empty glass, shaking it around in joking complaint, ice rattling against the sides, "I could really use a refill, but I'm just so damned comfortable. I'd really hate to move."

Anna looked at me, blushing, but her eyes were semi glazed, the alcohol and her arousal were getting the best of her. She shrugged at me as if to say, "You asked for it."

I watched on in immense arousal as she slowly exited the pool. Her large breasts now jiggling free, her beautiful pale nipples extremely hard in the afternoon sun. Bobs jaw dropped open in response. Her gorgeous ass escaped the water, and when she turned - it was possible to catch a glimpse of her sex. I had never been so turned on in my life. I couldn't believe the shift in her demeanor, just weeks ago she was one of the most reserved and protective women imaginable. Now here she was strolling around our patio completely nude, our neighbor feasting on her body with his eyes. I knew the alcohol was partially to blame, but so was my constant prodding.

Bob and I both watched in a stunned daze as she sultrily strode across the patio. She grabbed the pitcher of mix from the table, and returned to him, leaning over. Her large tits swayed forward as she bent, hovering above his body. She topped his drink off, seemingly intoxicated with arousal, "There you go." she said, sexily.

Bob couldn't help himself. Slack jawed. "God damn! Those tits!" He looked over at me in incredulous fashion. I just smiled back proudly. He continued to gawk at her as she slowly returned to me in the water.

I had never felt so proud of her, so turned on by her. I looked up at him, smiling. "I know it Bob. I'm a lucky fucking guy."

Anna kissed me with furious passion, and I knew she was inflamed, she whispered to me, "Baby, I'm so horny."

She instinctively reached underwater, finding my erect dick and removing it from my trunks. To my complete shock, she shoved me inside of her.

I was beyond aroused, but also confused. I instinctively began thrusting into her, scooping her up and wrapping her legs around me. I didn't give a second thought to the fact that Bob was right there. I moved her up against a wall of the pool, propping her up and exposing her body as I fucked her. She began to moan without a care.

We were both lost in our lust, seemingly unconcerned with our neighbor. We had never done anything even remotely this risqué. I was lost in passionate delirium until Anna startled me by screaming out in surprise, "Oh! Oh my God!"

She was looking to her left, towards the side of the pool, and more specifically - towards Bob.

I glanced over, reminded of his presence, feeling my first pangs of regret and embarrassment, until I saw him.

Bob was staring right at Anna, watching as I made love to my wife. That wasn't what shocked her though, what shocked her was the fact that he had exposed himself, and was jerking off as he did. But beyond even that, was the alarming fact that Bob was massively hung.

His hog was enormous, maybe eleven inches long and incredibly thick. His large hand was pumping away at his member as he watched me penetrate Anna. We both noticed his size immediately, and it stunned us equally. Bob saw us gawking at him, and apparently felt the need to speak.

"Fuck... I'm sorry Tim. Your wife really gets my motor going and I'm not thinking straight. I shouldn't have pulled this guy out. I'll tidy up." He was blushing as he began to attempt to stuff his engorged meat back in his shorts, but Anna interrupted.

"Don't! I... I don't mind...", she blushed as she spoke, never breaking eye contact with his cock.

She spun around, looking at me with glazed over eyes. "Fuck me baby." she whispered it. Her tits were spilling out over the edge of the pool, now resting on the smooth tile surface.

Who was this woman? And why did i adore her every ounce of being?

I thrust into her yet again, this time with aggression. I took her from behind with vigor and speed, she was bouncing back and forth responding to my thrusts.

I soon noticed that she was staring at Bob, and Bob at her, and it only served to stir my passion further.

Anna was moaning loudly, I began to worry that the entire neighborhood would hear her. Despite that, I reached under the water and clutched her hips tightly, and attempted to get her to pop.

Bob was lost in tunnel vision, and drunkenly spoke to my wife as he watched, "Damn Anna, you got me hard as a rock." I glanced over once again and saw his immense member, unable to believe that our harmless older neighbor was packing such heat. He drew attention to it by shaking it as he spoke to her. Just when I thought things couldn't get any more excitable, she complimented him, "That's a damn big cock Bob!"

Beyond the fact that I had never heard my wife use the word 'cock' before, and beyond the fact that she had just complimented the size of another man. I was already past breaking point. I erupted, as did she, her pussy tightening around my dick as I came. She moaned loudly, and then we heard Bob.

"Fuck yeah, give her a proper fucking." His words escaped through grit teeth. We both looked over to see him erupting, rope after rope of cum exploding from his cock, his massive balls contracting tight to his shaft as he came. He groaned as he had his orgasm.

Eventually we all came to a still, and silence suddenly occupied the patio. The absurdity of it all caused me to erupt into a laughter, which was eventually mimicked by Anna, and then Bob.

"Alright neighbor, I think we're heading in for the night." I said, exasperated.

Bob, coming to his senses, and concealing himself in his shorts, spoke.

"Jesus. What the fuck just happened?"

Anna laughed, and I replied, "I have no idea."

He stood, embarrassed, and red faced. "I'll get this stuff in the morning." Referring to the alcohol mix and glasses. He turned to walk back to his home, and stopped, "Thank you both for the world class hospitality." He said, with a smirk, and vanished around the corner.

My wife looked at me with a cocktail of emotions in her eyes, but all I could do was kiss her, with love and passion.

For whatever reason, Anna and myself didn't speak of the event for a few days. We were quieter than normal with each other, and I chalked it up to us both needing some time to digest the experience. It was clear our sex in the pool was some of the best we'd ever had, but the question was... why?

Anna finally brought it up over dinner one evening.

"Do you want to talk about the other day?", she asked, softly.

I feigned ignorance. "What's there to talk about? We had some drinks, and an incredibly beautiful woman caused two men to behave idiotically." I paused, smiling, "Its a tale as old as the earth itself."

"Not it isn't Tim. We're married, and married people don't behave that way."

"Bullshit Anna. Tons of married couples do things like that. There is nothing wrong with what happened."

My tone was harsher than I intended, and I softened it with my next question, "Why do you say that... Do you regret it?"

She was playing with the peas on her plate as she spoke, "No, I- I don't know."

I had to reassure her, to make her understand that it was okay to behave as she did, "I've never seen you so sexually free, so excited, you were like an entirely different woman."

That caused her to blush, "...I guess I had fun." she said, giggling.

I smiled at her, relieved by her response, "Not as much fun as Bob had."

That caused her blush to deepen, and she chuckled, "Yeah, what a perv."

I called her out, "Maybe, but I could tell you enjoyed teasing him."

Her nerves got the best of her, and she slipped up, replying "... I was just surprised by how big his honker was." When the sentence escaped her mouth, she shut down, blushing again. She quickly tried to form an apology, thinking she hurt me with the comment, "I - I'm sorry... I"

I wasn't an idiot, I knew his cock had intrigued her. "Babe, please. I know. Who would have thought that horny old goat was hung like a donkey."

She blushed, and we slowly finished our meal.

When I was fucking her in bed later that evening, I brought up Bobs size again, refusing to let her escape without admitting the truth. It sort of fascinated me to hear her discussing our neighbors manhood.

"Don't feel bad about seeing his cock sweetheart, I could tell you liked it."

She grit her teeth as i pummeled her from behind, surprised by my comment, "Wh-What? No- I..."

I slapped her ass, "Please Anna, you were staring at his cock the entire time I was fucking you."

She moaned, "No- I... I've just never.. Oh!... I've never seen one that big."

I leaned down and kissed her back, still pumping away, "I know you haven't, and you liked it."

She moaned loudly this time, and I implored her to tell me, "Just admit it!"

She groaned, "Ohh!" and grit her teeth, "Fine! You pervert! I liked it... Oh! It was big... and manly, and it turned me on!"

We both erupted into a mutual orgasm, collapsing into each other.

A few more days passed and I realized we hadn't seen Bob since that fateful afternoon. Finally, we bumped into each other in the front yard as I was heading into work.

He was somewhat awkward at first, mirroring our last driveway conversation.

Scratching his head as I approached, He began, nervously, "God, I don't want to make these talks a regular thing Tim. I'm just not sure I behaved appropriately the other day."

"You behaved same as us Bob, nothing to be worried about. We all had quite a few drinks." I paused, deciding to admit to the next bit, "Besides, I've been trying to get Anna to loosen up for years now, glad its finally seeming to work."

He seemed relieved once again, "That wife of yours, I don't have to tell you. She's something else." he paused, "If every Sunday played out like that, I'd die a happy man."

I laughed, "You and me both." I opened the door to the car, "I'll make sure to holler the next time we have a pool day." I chuckled, feeling oddly free by the comment.

"Much obliged." Bob said, grinning. As I drove into the office I couldn't help but shake my head in amusement over how strange and exciting things had gotten.

Upon waking the next morning I opened the bedroom curtains to see Bob yet again, shirtless and walking around in his bedroom. His torso was thick, muscular, and somewhat hairy. He noticed me, and gave me a goofy wave, which I reciprocated.

I headed into our bathroom just as Anna was exiting the shower. Her beautiful body immediately began to excite me, and I quickly had an idea.

"Your admirer is over there, waiting for you." I said it casually.

It was too early, and she didn't immediately know what I meant, "Huh?" she replied, yawning.

"Bob's waiting for you.", I said it with a knowing smile.

She blushed, smirking "What do you mean?"

"I just waved good morning, he's in his room."

"Pervert." she smirked, but she walked out naked all the same.

Her face was red, with no alcohol in her system to give her courage, but she willingly flashed him all the same. I saw her wave, her huge breasts bouncing as she did. She smiled wide, and did a flirtatious curtsy.

"Alright, that's enough. It's too early for this." she said, and moved to close the curtain. Just as she was about to slide them shut, she stopped, "Oh." was all I heard her say. It was softly said, with a sexual tone.

I was brushing my teeth, watching her from inside the bathroom door. I had no view of the window, or Bob. She slowly sat down on the edge of the bed, watching him.

"Well Tim." she said. "Our neighbor is flashing his big piece of meat at your wife again." She chuckled,

absurdly. I almost dropped my brush, and spoke with a mouth full of toothpaste, "You're joking."

"No... I'm certainly not. He's naked, and he's jerking his big cock for me." she paused, biting her lip. "God... That thing is huge." the last words escaped her mouth with a huskiness. I looked on as she instinctively spread her legs, exposing her pussy just to him for the first time.

I became impossibly excited, I had to have her that instant. "Alright Anna, close the damn blinds!" I began removing my pants as I said it.

She looked in my direction, with a sarcastic, pouty reply, "Aww, do I have too?" It was said in jest, but it excited me beyond measure.

"Close them!"

She smiled, standing up. I saw her wave goodbye to Bob, pointing to her wrist as if to indicate she was late for work.

As soon as she shut them I attacked her.

We fucked three times that morning, and neither of us made it to work.

A couple more weeks went by without much development, until something incredibly naughty, and incredibly erotic, changed things drastically.

Anna and I had just finished eating a lovely dinner, accompanied by a few glasses of Cabernet. We were lounging on our couch when my phone rang, it was Bob. I found it odd, because he had only called me a handful of times in the months that we'd known him.

"Neighbor." I answered it, as a I took a sip of wine.

"Timothy." He replied, jokingly.

"How can I help you?" I said.

On the surface, his voice was calm and deliberate, but there was an undertone of nervousness hidden in his words, "Hey man, I think I'm kind of fucking up this casserole that I'm making, and I need to bring it to this party for a friend tomorrow. Don't suppose there's any chance I could borrow Anna for awhile?"

I sat up, suddenly at attention. I wasn't sure how to react to the request - it was completely out of the blue. I stood up and walked slowly into the other room, "I- Uh. Yeah. I don't see why not. Let me see if she's available."

I paused, continuing, my words careful, "You just need help with a casserole?" I wanted him to be clear with me.

"Well sure, oh. I also wanted to give her the bikini back."

I had forgotten that he even had it. "Oh. Well that's sure to make her blush. I think she forgot that you

even had it." I chuckled, awkwardly.

"Good! She deserves a little embarrassment. Teasing an old man like that." he laughed.

I don't know why I said what I said next, but I did, "Yeah, the nerve of this woman. You should probably teach her a lesson Bob." I said it somewhat jokingly, but the words hung there in dead air.

Bob replied, seemingly hinting at something, "You know what Tim. That's a great idea. I'll give that wife of yours a taste of her own medicine."

My face flushed, and I became filled with an odd, confused excitement, but I replied, "Alright. I'll send her on over."

"Good man." he replied, hanging up the phone.

I slowly walked back into the living room, trying to shed the expression of arousal from my face. Anna was waiting for me.

"Who was that?"

I acted nonchalantly, "Bob, he needs your help with a casserole."

Her face flushed red almost immediately. I was sure, she too, suspected an ulterior motive. "What ...right now?"

I nodded, "Yeah. He needs it for a party hes going to tomorrow, said hes butchering it - needs a woman's touch." I tried acting cool, as if the request was completely of the norm.

I suddenly realized that she was already dressed for bed, wearing a sheer nightie that her tits loved to bounce around in. It wasn't exactly erotic lingerie, but it wasn't something you'd wear anywhere other than in your own home.

The look on her face was one of excitement, confusion. "I- I guess I can help. I'll change real quick."

"No." I said, "You'll only be a minute." I gave her a knowing look.

She stood, blushing. "I- I don't know Tim. This isn't appropriate", pointing to her outfit.

"Really? That's the most clothes you've worn around him since we moved in." I said it jokingly, but my dick was stirring at the thought of her going over in her silken fabric.

She smiled, "Alright babe. If you say so.", she slowly walked to the rear, and opened the door in a teasing fashion, giving me one last look as she headed outside - a naughty grin on her face. "Gonna go help with a casserole." she said it almost as if she knew that wasn't all that was waiting for her at Bob's house.

I loved this woman. I watched in slow motion as she strode across the yard, approaching his house.

My heart skipped a beat when I saw Bob, he opened the rear door, shirtless and full of presence. He

was wearing nothing but a pair of shorts, it seemed.

They smiled at each other, Anna blushed, and he put his arm around her waist, ushering her inside. Suddenly, she was out of my sight.

I scrambled for a view into his kitchen, but the blinds were closed. The light from inside was barely bleeding through the edges of the window.

My heart suddenly began to beat faster, but I forced myself to take a seat on the couch, and wait. Ten minutes passed, then twenty. All the television in the world couldn't make my mind shift gears. In a moment of fear I ran upstairs to get a terrified look into his bedroom, darkness, curtains open. I guess they were actually in the kitchen.

Another ten minutes passed, and I began pacing around the living room. After nearly 45 minutes had passed my mind got the best of me. I headed out the back door, slowly walking through the yard - trying to get a look into his kitchen. The light was on and it looked like there were some pots on the stove, but there was no sign of Bob or my wife.

I finally decided to creep down the side yard, eventually arriving at his living room window. There was a fortuitous gap in the curtain - or so I thought.

What I saw shook me to my core, but it also nearly made me faint from arousal. Bob and Anna were sitting on his couch. The first thing I noticed was that my wife's nightie was pulled down to her waist - her beautiful big tits exposed. Bobs massive mitts were pawing them, massaging them, pinching her nipples. I could make out my wife's faint moans through the glass as she tilted her head back in pleasure. In a horror I realized that Bobs shorts were around his ankles, and his massive cock was exposed and towering upwards, impossibly big. I nearly collapsed when I saw Anna's delicate hand was wrapped around it. She was pumping him, her fingers slowly massaging up and down his impressive shaft. His hefty scrotum jostling up and down with her strokes. Her small fingers had no way of encircling all the way around his thick girth, but she stroked him passionately nonetheless.

My mouth had gone dry, my eyes wide, my knees weak - but before I could even react, Bob exploded. I witnessed his incredibly heavy balls pull upwards, pulsing, as a torrent of his cum unloaded from his engorged head. Rope after rope of thick seed showered down into both of their laps, coating Anna's hand as she pumped him to a satisfying completion.

Bob tilted his head back, clearly delirious in delight, groaning as he came from my wife's touch. I ducked back behind the wall, listening, stunned. My wife spoke, sultrily and aroused, "Wow Bob, you cum so much."

Bob replied, "Thank you darling. It's these big balls of mine." He paused, continuing. "God, that was fucking great." He laughed. "Can't tell you how badly I've wanted us to do something like that. You have a magical touch."

Anna's voice was nervous, confused, aroused, "I can't believe we just did that! Tim's gonna kill me!"

Bobs voice suddenly turned reassuring, I peeked inside to see him covering himself, Anna strapping her nightie back over her shoulders, both of them standing up, "Tim gets a kick out of you being a naughty girl, Anna. He's gonna love it."

She nervously walked out of my line of sight, heading to leave, "I hope your right..."

I sprinted back into our house, nearly diving onto the couch in our living room, trying desperately to appear composed.

I soon heard the sliding door open slowly, and I saw my disheveled wife walk into the room. Her hair was a mess, and her breathing heavy. The nightie was ruffled, and her face and eyes displayed a terrified expression.

I had never been so attracted to her. I stood, saying nothing. I grabbed her by the arm and threw her down on the couch, "T-Tim. W-wait..."

"Shut up." I said, lifting her nightie and exposing a sopping wet pussy, I flipped her over and buried myself in her sex with an unbelievable urgency. I had never felt her so soaked, she was beyond wet.

"God damn it Anna. I fucking love it when you act like a slut." I slapped her ass harder than I ever had before.

She moaned loudly, "Oh God Tim! Oh no! I was bad, I'm sorry!"

"Did you like playing with his big cock, you dirty little slut?" I grabbed her hips, and pounded into her with fury.

"Ohhh! No! How?" Anna buried her face into the pillows as I took her. She was overcome with shame, confused by my knowledge, but her pussy was gushing with her wetness. She was as horny as I could ever remember.

She started to buck hard, her pussy contracting violently, she screamed into the fabric of the couch cushion, cumming powerfully.

The sight of her orgasm caused my own eruption, and I spewed my seed inside of her, collapsing down on her back.

We slowly rolled off of each other, panting, red faced.

As soon as I caught my breath, I looked at her, "Tell me what happened. Tell me everything."

She sat up, gathering herself. She was nervous, and awkward, still breathing heavily. "I... I went inside and we were in his kitchen, mostly." She was stuttering as she spoke, "H-He, was brushing against me a lot in the kitchen, and I could feel him. He was excited." she covered her face in embarrassment.

"Its okay baby, I want to hear. Tell me."

"He came up behind me, and started playing with my boobs... It...It kinda got me kinda hot, and i was too embarrassed to tell him to stop."

I couldn't believe it. "Did he say anything?"

"He uh... um, he just said that he loves my tits, and that he can't get enough of them..." she paused, clearly excited by the memory.

"Once I finished with the food I covered the lid and set it to stew for a few minutes. I turned but before I could try to leave he pulled me into the living room sat me down on the couch."

She was blushing deeply, fidgeting in her seat as she explained it, "H-He kept playing with my boobs, and I just sat there, frozen. He stopped for a second and quickly pulled his shorts down, and his honker flopped out."

I, inexplicably, started getting hard again - hanging on every word of hers.

Her blush was deep, her eyes avoiding mine, "He asked me if I liked it."

My throat was suddenly dry, "Keep going Anna. What did you say?"

"...I... I told him I loved how big it is." she paused, and blushed even deeper. "He grabbed my hand and slowly brought it down to him, I don't know what came over me but I just... I don't know!"

I croaked, "Its okay baby... what else happened?"

She bit her lip, "He told me to play with his big hog, and to make him cum..." she paused, and took a deep breath, "So I did."

"Holy fuck." I replied, breathless.

"Oh baby what are we doing!?! This is crazy!?" She screamed, burying her face into her hands in confusion. I responded by pulling open her legs, exposing her inflamed sex. I gently shoved her back into the couch and aligned my manhood at her folds, "You're finally being a naughty girl, and i'm loving every second of it!" I said, as I stuffed my six inches into her.

A couple more days passed, and I arrived home late. I walked into the house, but Anna was nowhere to be found, despite her car being in the front driveway.

I shot her a text, "Where are you?"

A few seconds passed, and I received a reply, "Being naughty", she closed the message with a smiley face wink.

My blood pressure immediately shot up, I tried to look over into Bobs house but I couldn't make out much.

"What are you doing?" I replied.

I paced around the room, a minute went by, and then I received a message.

It was a small phone video, more arousing than any porn. My wife was kissing Bob's massive shaft up and down, wrapping her lips around his member and stuffing as much of his meat into her mouth as she could. Her small hand was massaging his heavy balls as she blew him. The noises of her suckling sent

me over the edge, and I instinctively dropped down onto the couch, exposing myself. My wife was using her mouth on our neighbors manhood.

I heard Bob through the recording, "Mmm. Fuck yeah baby. Suck that big cock."

It looked as if Bob was holding her phone out in front of them, but the only view I had was of his large cock, and my wife's face, lips, and tongue providing it with pleasure.

She stopped for a moment, looking at the camera, and smiling wickedly. She then began planting wet kisses up and down his immense shaft.

"Fuckkk. That's it Anna. Show him how much you love this big hog."

I heard a giggle, and then the video stopped.

I replayed it immediately, and I only made it a few seconds in to my second viewing before I erupted, cumming on my lap.

"I need to see you." I texted her urgently, deliriously. A few moments and then a reply, "I'll be home in a minute, I'm gonna make him cum."

I groaned, leaning back into the sofa, a bizarre wave of relaxation overcame me, almost as if I feel into a momentary trance. Just as I was about to drift into a sleep the sliding door opened. Anna walked in, disheveled, but she wasn't scantily clad this time. She was actually still in the same dress that she wore to work, but her lipstick was smeared.

She looked down and saw my exposed dick, and the mess I made.

"So... I guess you liked the video?"

I looked at her, but could only make out a nod.

She smiled, giggling again, "I need to go brush my teeth baby, he came a lot." I looked on as her beautiful ass strode up the stairs.

I had a feeling it was going happen, and on the next Sunday, it inevitably did. My wife was frolicking naked around our pool, as was our neighbor. They were in and out of the water, kissing, petting. Bobs massive cock was on full display as he bounced around the patio. My wife showered it with playful compliments all afternoon. On occasion she would come over and sit with me as I laid out on one of the pool chairs, flirting with me in a buzzed state of erotic relaxation. We had all been drinking, Bob's famous Moscow Mules were flowing heavily. It was an incredibly bizarre afternoon, but I was erect for nearly the entire duration of it, especially when I noticed the two of them quietly playing with each other under the waters surface. It was a surreal afternoon to say the least. We had gotten a late start on this particular Sunday, and before I knew it, dusk approached.

Suddenly, I awoke, it was night. I shook my head, looking around the patio and seeing no one. I stood up, groggily, the alcohol still lingering in my system. At first I heard silence, but that was quickly interrupted by a distant moan. It was muffled, but I was fearfully sure it was my wife. I panicked, not knowing where it was coming from. I ran into the house, looking around for her. She wasn't in the

living room. I bolted up the stairs into our bedroom. She wasn't in there either, why would she be? I stood for a moment, wondering, and just as I was turning to leave, I saw them.

It was dark in our bedroom, but the light shining from Bobs was ever present. They were both naked, my wife was on his bed, spread out on all fours. Her head was tilted back as she moaned in pleasure. Her large breasts were swaying back and forth as Bob fucked her pussy from behind. His thrusts were powerful, and his large hands were firmly grasping her delicate waist as he penetrated her sex. There was a clear sheen of sweat on both of them, almost as if they had been mating for hours.

I collapsed onto the edge of our bed, the wind knocked out of me in an instant. The cocktail of emotions swirling in my body was overwhelming, but the one that dominated them all was arousal. I exposed my dick, but dared not touch it, as I was near to exploding even without physical provocation.

I had never seen her like this, never heard her like this, even through two panes of glass her moans were incredible. Her fingers were clutching his bed sheets as he pummeled her sex, she was screaming as he plunged in and out of her pussy with his huge cock. I knew in an instant that he was reaching areas of her womanhood that I had never been. I knew he was making her pleasure releasing vaginal nerve endings fire off in ways that I hadn't.

I suddenly realized that my jaw was wide open. I looked on in horror as Bob reached around, clutching her breasts, pulling her up into him as he fucked her.

"You like that baby?" Bob said. I could barely hear them, but their lips provided the context where the sound failed.

"I love it." my wife replied.

He slowed, pulling out of her and spinning her around on his bed, he laid her down on her back. Her pussy looked swollen, inflamed, and soaking wet. His massive organ was coated in an unreal amount of her cream, there was almost a full lather along his shaft. I had never seen Anna yield so much of her womanly essence before.

He leaned down and kissed her breasts, and then her mouth, as he aligned his behemoth at her sex once again, slowly shoving himself inside of her. I watched in aroused fascination as his thick shaft spread her open, her soaking labia stretching and hugging his meat, never letting go. Her juices and her need caused her pussy to cling to his organ. Her womanhood craved his large cock.

She lifted her legs, moaning loudly, her pretty feet writhing in the air as he invaded her. I watched as her delicate toes curled as he began pumping into her once again. His large balls began slapping against the lilly rear of her plump ass as she received him. Her arms reaching around as she clutched into his back, clawing into his skin as he took her.

I was startled suddenly by my phone, ringing loudly in the darkness of the room. Somehow, it was Anna calling.

I trembled as I answered, saying, "Hello?" like an idiot. The phone wasn't even in her hands.

I soon realized that it was somewhere under their sheets, and the call was accidental. It was a literal butt dial, one with the most punishing consequences.

The now clear sounds of their mating were harrowing. It shook me to my core as I heard her cries of pleasure. I set the phone to speaker, tossing it to my side in defeat.

"Give me that big cock Bobby! I fucking love ittt!", her moans were intoxicating, surreal.

"I love fucking this tight pussy baby. God damn you're the sexiest thing alive." He grunted as he thrust into my wife.

Anna's moans became fever pitch, and her squealing was giving way to something powerful looming in her loins, an orgasm brewing of the most intense magnitude.

"Oh! Oh! Oh fuck! Bob! You're gonna make... I'm, I'm gonna... I'm cummingggg!!" Her moan was primal. I looked on as her legs wrapped around his lower back, toes curling and locking downward. Her body erupted in convulsions as the most powerful orgasm of her life swept over her.

Bob roared, joining her in sexual climax, "Fuckkk Anna, I'm gonna cum in this married pussy baby!" His large balls unloaded, unleashing what had to be a massive load of seed, deep into my wife's willing womb.

They embraced and kissed passionately, eventually rolling off and laying at each others side. Bobs massive organ now lying limp and large across his thigh. My wife was breathing heavily, and I thought I could make out her pussy still quivering from the bombardment it had just received. He rested his hand on her tummy, chuckling, smiling wide.

"I think I stretched that married pussy out a bit. Did you like it?"

She laughed, through the haze of her sexual recovery, "Like it? I never even knew I could cum like that... I don't think I'll ever get enough of this big cock." She placed her hand on his manhood, gently caressing it as it laid at rest.

He smiled, leaning in and kissing her again, "That's why were neighbors, baby. I'm gonna fuck you nonstop Anna. Now... " he paused, slapping her ass. "You should probably get on back to your husband."

I snapped out of my funk, looking down at my crotch, suddenly realizing that I had cum all over myself.